

Impressions. A Journal of Business Making Ideas

Here you may profit by the experience of others.

VOLUME III.

MARCH, MCMIV.

NUMBER III.

ADVERTISING, although essential to the promotion of a healthy trade, is not the only essential.

Your manufacturing business must live up to its advertising, and your advertising must live up to your business.

A live advertisement and a dead business are incongruous, for if the advertising attracts trade to your doors and your facilities for doing business are not what your customers have a right to expect, your advertising expenses are money wasted.

Put both your business and your advertising upon an interlocking system and you have the elements of success for the organization and the evolution of a successful enterprise.

Some manufacturers are too timid to advertise, on the principle that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Not always: depends upon how good a shot the other man is. A shrewd advertiser will carry off the two birds every time, while the timid man is squeezing the life out of the one bird he holds in his hand.

There are an infinite number of articles manufactured where an increased sale and more

Advertising
Advice to
Manufacturers.

*By H. W.
Calkins.*

general use can be effected by advertising without antagonizing other lines; on the other hand I am aware that there are certain staples the demand for which is limited. You cannot increase the number of shovels used by advertising; nor the number of sacks of household flour; nor the number of pounds of paint; nor the number of yards of woolen or silks; nor the amount of groceries used—but you can increase your sales for all these. One cannot increase the aggregate use of patent or proprietary medicines, but one can increase one's individual share of the same.

I was particularly struck by an answer once given me by the proprietor of one of the leading wholesale chemists of Great Britain, in reply to my inquiry as to how the patent medicine business was going. "Why," he replied, "it averages just about the same year by year. I have," he continued, "a careful record of patent medicine sales of three of the largest wholesale chemists in London during the past ten years and there is no material difference in £ s. d. sold to the public. Take a specified area where eighty million sterling is annually sold. Do not think because Blufton & Co. have recently arrived from the U. S. and are preparing to spend one hundred thousand pounds in advertising their new pill, that they will increase the sale of pills. They will increase the use of their pill at the expense of the sales of others already in the field; it is merely a survival of the fittest."

This was food for reflection to me and explained why the sale of many articles will not go by their own momentum.

Do not look upon advertising as a "get-rich-quick" scheme, but as a legitimate means to a laudable end. That advertising is essential to success is evidenced by the change in the policy of the press of to-day. Not long since the daily

paper was content to take advertisements from others, but did not consider it necessary to their own welfare.

Now on every hand one may see aggressive campaigns carried out by publishers. Among numberless others may be mentioned the Milwaukee Sentinel, which from two years' efforts is now referred to as the leading paper of Wisconsin. Look at the Los Angeles Times, bought but a comparatively short time ago by Major Otis for a few thousand dollars; now, I am informed, he refuses an offer of over a million dollars for it. Look at the Woman's Magazine of St. Louis, which has carried on a very extensive advertising campaign during the past year with a result that it has an almost unprecedented paid-in-advance subscription list.

Notice the leader in each line of business in your own town or city, and nine times in ten it will be the one that advertises most judiciously.

What made Sapolio a household word in the United States, in Canada and on the continent of Europe? This wonderful result has been attained by constant and persistent advertising.

Ask any school boy the best known baking powders and he will name them.

Why should the Douglas shoe outsell all others? Because it is advertised the most and best.

When your druggist names half a dozen of the fastest selling proprietary remedies he will name those most extensively advertised.

It seems that there is scarcely a limit to the extent that any legitimate proposition may be built if printers' ink is judiciously and extensively employed.

Of course if a manufacturer has neither pride nor faith in the business it is not worth advertising. This is almost the only exception.

Newspapers are not the only advertising medium. Experience and intelligence must guide you in choosing the most promising lines of advertising. There are few, if any, manufacturers but who manufacture some specialty; some article representing unique points of utility and excellence; some point which makes claims reasonable for exclusive value par excellence.

There are but few lines manufactured that could not be sold more largely if properly advertised, so as to reach a clientele inaccessible to travelling salesmen.

The public, the man or woman who pays the price, are in a position to dictate to a greater extent than some imagine what they will or will not purchase.

I firmly believe that there is not a business of any kind anywhere that cannot be bettered—the volume of its trade increased—by the judicious use of advertising.

Advertising is the hinge on which swings the door that opens to success, but it must be supported by reliable goods and prompt service.

If you are to succeed your entire staff must be in sympathy with all advertising efforts. The business man or manufacturer who does not know how to ensure that his employes will take care of his customers after they are secured, will not reach the point that will permit him to tell of his successful advertising.

There are many manufacturers who can build up, or increase their present export trade and find an enormous outlet for goods at fair prices. This can be done by advertising. Not through the press, but by multitudinous ways and means now at the command of a hustling manager, among which might be enumerated neatly illustrated catalogues, price lists, mailed to lists of export buyers in European countries.

In looking over a recent copy of the weekly report issued by the Department of Trade and customs, Ottawa, I observe numerous inquiries from England, South Africa, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Australia and Germany, for Canadian flour, cheese, leather, rolled oats, hardware, oils, paints, cloth, colored and cotton goods, evaporated fruit and natural fruits, especially apples. The greatest present drawback to Canadian export trade in fresh fruits, butter and perishable goods is lack of foresight and care in packing, not studying the requirements as to size and safety for handling. The Americans are leading us in this respect at present. Any old package, barrel or box will not do for export trade. A uniform package representing ventilation and safety and convenience, both for the shippers and the consumer, must be more carefully studied.

Far too many manufacturers set their standard too low. If they studied and appreciated what they might do along the lines of expansion, they would continually be pushing out for better things and persistently work for a broader field. Like Alexander, who wept for other worlds to conquer, they sit idly content with their present business rather than get out and widen their commercial horizon.

The world is now federated by the chains of commerce, nourished by advertising, and international trade is an inseparable part of the movement of commercial life, and infinite intertangled threads of union stretch across the seas, stimulating trade and extending prosperity.

* * *

THERE are two classes of people in the world, those who are clever and those who are keen, and you must never mix the two. They meet and touch, are necessary to each other, but never blend.

England as a
Customer.

By H. Watson.

IN reply to your enquiry of 8th inst. as to what lines of Canadian goods could be advertised and sold in England, I would judge that so much attention has been paid to Canadian export trade by the Dominion and Provincial Governments, such bodies as the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the representatives of Canada in the United Kingdom that the requirements of this country must be pretty well known. The principal wants of this market are food products, and raw and partly manufactured materials and then on certain lines of wholly manufactured goods for the production of which Canada possesses natural facilities, in which trade is also capable of development. As a result of an experience of some ten years the first advice I would offer to any Canadian business man who wishes to establish trade in this country is to come over and personally examine into the particular conditions and requirements of its markets. The community is very conservative in its ideas and knows what it wants, or at least thinks that it does, which is almost equally disastrous to the would-be introducer of unfamiliar goods. Because an article sells in Montreal or Toronto is no reason that it will be at all suitable for Liverpool or Glasgow, nor will any amount of advertising sell it. The Canadian who is going into export trade must regard same as something quite different from his ordinary home business. Weights and measures, packages and other minor details and even methods in vogue here must be conformed to, and goods destined to this market must be delivered of the quality and in the form in general demand. The preliminary co-operation of offices such as this in furnishing the Canadian manufacturer and shipper with general information and the names of merchants handling his lines of goods is certainly of practical value,

but I am a great believer in the personal element, and most of the successful Anglo-Canadian businesses established have been the result of individual enterprise and ability. It will also generally be found advantageous to place one's interests in the hands of a representative, or one or more houses possessing a good connection, in preference to attempting direct business with a number of firms scattered all over the country. Most of the largest consumers prefer the convenience of obtaining supplies according to requirements from importers and brokers. As you are aware, the trade in many lines of produce may be said to be firmly established and to run itself. Canadian cheese, butter, bacons, hams, eggs, poultry, apples, etc., are on sale everywhere. All articles of food are, however, in demand in a country which cannot feed itself and there is room for development in many directions, such as canned and preserved fruits, vegetables, meats and fish, fruit pulps for jam makers, flour and cereal foods, and similar lines. There is an immense market for all manufactures of wood, including furniture, doors, sashes, handles, mouldings, shooks, skewers. Metals and minerals of various kinds are imported and when sufficient capital is available for the adequate development of the mineral wealth of the Dominion this country should furnish a valuable outlet for the products of the mine. The trade are, however, buyers of actual supplies, not of deposits and partly developed properties. In many industries, manufacturers often import partly manufactured goods in knock down condition, or even the manufactured article, when they can buy it for less than it costs them to make.

As regards advertising, I am of the opinion that the display made by Canada at the Glasgow and other exhibitions, and such permanent

collections of resources and products as we have here (although the latter are very incomplete) have done a great deal to familiarize the British public with the immense natural wealth of the Dominion. Participation in the various trade exhibitions held periodically I have long urged as being of practical benefit to the individual Canadian firm. As to the ordinary channels of advertisement, judicious publicity is, as generally, a valuable adjunct to active enterprise.

Imperial Institute, London, S. W., February 23rd, 1904.

* * *

ONE of the most attractive advertisements which the current year has as yet developed, is the booklet Celeste A. Hoffman, Chicago, has prepared for the North Shore Poultry Farm, of Glenview, Ill. A very appropriately illustrated cover, which is composed of art canvas, neatly enfolds the thirty-two cameo plate pages containing the text—a scientific essay on the poultry industry, and numerous half-tone pictures—reproductions of the many beauty spots with which the famous farm abounds. Altogether, it is an artistic booklet and conclusively proves that the ability to prepare high class advertising matter is not merely a matter of sex.

* * *

I DON'T know anyone who has better opportunities of making himself unpopular than an assistant, for the clerks are apt to cuss him for all the manager's meanness, and the manager is likely to find fault with him for all the clerks' cussedness.—G. H. Lorimer.

* * *

IT is the American's regret that at present he can do nothing with his feet while he is listening at the telephone, but doubtless some employment will be found for them in the coming age.—Ian Maclaren.

A Scheme
from
Kalamazoo.

*Marco Morro in
Profitable
Advertising.*

TO most people Kalamazoo is a name which stands, in an indefinite way, for all of those Western towns with aboriginal cognomens; to a small majority of persons Kalamazoo stands for good celery, but to an increasing number of housewives all over the country it represents good stoves and ranges.

There is a stove factory in Kalamazoo not two years old. It was built in a celery swamp. It was greeted with an illy-concealed sneer. To-day the stove factory in the celery swamp is doubling its capacity, and is manufacturing more stoves and ranges than 80 per cent. of the old established factories in this country.

Nor is that all. Every Kalamazoo stove and range is sold direct from the factory to the user. Every sale represents a direct return from newspaper advertising. The growth of the business has been phenomenal, and the newspapers and the magazines have done the work.

Wm. Thompson, who has been making stoves since he was a boy, is vice-president and general manager of the company. Most stove men know Thompson, and when they heard that Thompson was going into the stove business and intended to sell stoves by mail they laughed, for they said: "Thompson wouldn't make a poor stove to save his life, and he couldn't if he wanted to. It is something he has never learned."

The stove men were hugging to their breasts the delusion that the mail-order business demanded cheap, inferior goods. A number of them had turned out a very poor quality of stoves for the mail-order trade, and they thought the trade would not stand for anything else.

Thompson showed them different. His proposition was:

"I am going to make the very best stove that skilled labor can produce from the best material in

the American market. I will spare no expense to produce a really first-class article which I will not be ashamed to look in the face wherever and whenever I may see it. I will sell it direct from the factory to the user at the lowest possible price, which will allow a fair margin of profit, and I have faith enough in the good judgment and common sense of the American people to believe that they will buy that kind of a stove. By cutting off the middleman's profits I can save the customer from 20 to 40 per cent. I think the customer will believe that worth saving, and, to eliminate all question of freight rates from the transaction, I will pay them myself. Moreover, because I know that I have as good an article as human ingenuity can produce, I will send it out on thirty days' trial. I'll do better than that. I'll agree to take back that stove at any time within thirty days if it proves unsatisfactory in any manner. I'll pay the return freight charges, give the customer back his money, ask no questions and look pleasant."

That is what Thompson has been doing. The result is that you will find Kalamazoo stoves and ranges all over Uncle Sam's domain. They are making happy homes in every State in the Union, and in almost every county in every State. And masons and carpenters will be at work putting up an additional factory to enable the company to meet the demand for a good stove at a fair price.

"I have no theories about advertising," said Mr. Thompson the other day. "I don't pretend to know very much about it. It has always seemed to me when I went to buy anything that I was just about as anxious to buy as the other fellow was to sell, and turning the rule around, I believe if I have a good article to sell, all I have to do is to let the people know about it. They are looking for genuine bargains. I have watched the mail-order business with considerable interest for a good

many years. Originally, I think unquestionably, the one feature which appealed most strongly to mail-order buyers was the question of price. Any old thing could be sold at a price. While price still plays an important part in the mail-order business, quality is every day of greater weight and importance. This is perhaps due to two facts. First, the average man to-day is able to purchase a better quality than he could ten years ago; but of greater importance to the mail-order business as a whole, is the fact that a different class of people are purchasing by mail to-day. There is still room for a cheaper class of goods, but the manufacturer who puts quality first has an easier task every year.

"We have tried in the past two years almost every medium of general circulation in the country, and we find that the cheaper publications—the so-called mail-order papers, with their enormous circulations—do not bring us as great returns as papers which appeal to a class of readers of a little better grade of intelligence. I believe, as a general thing, it is safe to assume that a cheap paper goes to a cheap man, and a cheap man buys a cheap stove. We are using the better class of agricultural papers, and are getting good results from most of them. The illustrated weeklies, such as "Collier's" and "Saturday Evening Post," papers which we may assume go into the homes of the representative American citizen, the man who was educated in the public schools, who is making his own way in the world and giving his children a fair start without trying to boost them into the '400'—these papers are giving us the best returns.

"We have a good follow-up system. When we get an inquiry we send a catalogue and a letter. The catalogue is, as nearly as we can make it, a plain, straight, brief talk, free from exaggeration, and just as honest and as candid as we would be

were we talking to our nearest friend. It is printed on good paper, with good, readable type, illustrated with good half-tones, but without any attempt at frills or fancy trimmings. When a man's name is on our cards we keep following him up with occasional letters until he cries 'enough,' or we land him. To the first inquiry which we received we did not make a sale for nearly a year, although, of course, in the meantime we had sold to thousands of others. We were interested, however, in learning that inquirer No. 1 was himself an advertiser who sent for our catalogue out of mere curiosity—he wanted to know how we go about selling a range by mail. He made the mistake, however, of having the catalogue sent to his house. His wife read it, and read our succeeding letters, and there was no peace in that family until a Kalamazoo steel range displaced the one in his kitchen, which he had thought good for ten years yet.

"We do not believe in overdoing the matter, but we do not want any person who has been interested enough to write to us to forget that we still make good stoves and ranges.

"From the start our advertising has been handled by the Long-Critchfield Corporation, of Chicago, but we are never too busy to listen to the representative of any publication which gives any promise of being of service to us."

* * *

IT takes about all the thought and work which one man can give to run one man right, and if a fellow's putting in five or six hours a day on his neighbor's character he's mighty apt to scamp the building of his own.—G. H. Lorimer.

* * *

ONE crawls into friendship, one occasionally drifts into matrimony, but in love one falls.—Frankfort Moore.

AT the Sphinx Club dinner, held in New York on February 10th, President George Daniels asked: "Why do the mental motives of the mother still color, and to a certain extent govern, the thinking processes of the son up to a period of 40 or 50 years from birth? Will Professor Scott please answer that query?"

Professor Walter Dill Scott replied: "Mr. Daniels should have included in that question the daughter as well as the son. What psychology does is to take these every-day thoughts and acts of ours, the feelings and emotions, and try to make us better acquainted with them. You feel most at home with the things that you were familiar with in your childhood days. For instance, if you had been born and raised in the country you would feel more at home there than anywhere else. The things that you get to know in later years don't affect you this way. If you can get a little girl to think that such and such a make of baking powder or breakfast food, or a boy that such a brand of gun, are the best, they will continue to think so 40 or 50 years afterwards and will naturally try to find them when needed in preference to all other makes and brands. I believe in advertising that appeals to the small boys and girls, that is for firms that expect to be doing business say 40 or 50 years afterwards, as it will take strong advertising in later years on the part of their competitors to make the small boy or girl choose other goods. Early impressions are the strongest and the most lasting."

* * *

WHEN a boss has to spend his days swearing at his assistant, and the clerks have to sit up nights hating him, they haven't much time left to swear by the house. Satisfaction is the oil of the business machinery.—George H. Lorimer.

THE "Free Press," of Winnipeg, the great daily of the Canadian Northwest, continues easily to lead, as it has done for a year past, all the other dailies of the Dominion in the volume of advertising carried. Printing every week-day a sixteen-page paper, it is a poor day that does not see seventy columns of advertising in the "Free Press," and of this quantity not less than twenty-three columns (equal to nearly three-and-a-half pages) are "want" or classified advertisements; and the classified or "want" advertisements, moreover, are set in solid agate.

The sworn average daily circulation of the "Free Press" for February is given at 24,958 copies, and it is said the claim advanced by the "Free Press," that it enjoys a larger circulation than that of all the other daily papers in the Canadian Northwest combined, including those printed in the City of Winnipeg, has never been disputed.

A feature of the "Free Press" advertising is the fact that many of the large local advertisers apparently find it profitable to confine their announcements solely to the "Free Press."

When it is remembered that the population of Winnipeg does not exceed 70,000, the showing made by the "Free Press" can be described as nothing short of marvellous, and it is a question if any newspaper published in the United States, situated relatively the same as regards population, can present a showing in point of circulation and advertising comparable to this Western Canadian newspaper.

* * *

AN assistant who becomes his manager's right hand is going to find the left hand helping him; and it's not hard for a clerk to find good points in a boss who finds good ones in him.
—G. H. Lorimer.

MR. Cy Warman, who is at present a resident of Canada and at one time ably edited a department in the Denver Times, writes to Leslie's Monthly as follows:

Twenty years ago twenty per cent. of the people of Canada would have welcomed the annexation of the Dominion to the United States. Ten years ago only ten per cent. of the men who think thought seriously of such a move, and to-day no one ever mentions the matter at all.

Twenty years ago only a few dreamers dreamed of the Republic of Canada. Ten years later ten per cent. of the people were in favor of it, and to-day twenty out of every hundred Canadians would welcome the news that Canada had cast off the cable that moors her to the Motherland and had blossomed out as a Nation.

Mind you they won't all say so in open meeting. It is disagreeable to a British subject to be called anti-British, and that's what the ultra-loyal say of those who have the courage to speak out for independence. It is a smoldering fire as yet, this idea of independence, and may continue so for fifty years, but there are those who hold that it will blaze up sooner or later.

There seems to be a nervous dread in England that any estrangement of Canada would result in her rushing headlong into the arms of the Republic. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Just as the annexation sentiment has died out, so has the idea of absolute political independence grown. It is in the air. It is of this continent—this spirit of Freedom.

No, Canada, of her own volition, will never become a part of the United States. Her people are not in sympathy with the republic. Her public men are constantly being shocked by what they call the depredations of the American Government. They express amazement at the "audacity" of the Washington Government in the Panama incident. They look upon Uncle Sam as a Rough Rider, galloping and cutting out a Province, roping it, throwing it and branding it "U. S." without the consent of the calf or of its mother who bawls at the bars, bristling with ten inch guns—bellows and bawls piteously in her impotent rage. What distresses Canadian public men is the belief that this will always be so, that the Democrats would be as bad (Mr. Cleveland—Venezuela), in short that the disease is national.

"Privately, personally, the Yankees are the salt of the earth," they tell you, "but Uncle Sam is a road agent, swaggering up and down the country taking what he wants."

Then comes the final shock that almost splinters the spine

of the Canadian Statesman—the fact that the European rulers, including the British, not only suffer these “outrages” but openly applaud them. The editorials of the London Times, for instance, are reprinted in Canada, paraded and pronounced infamous.

And if you seek to justify the actions of the American Government by arguing that these South American statesmen are pirates, who, if allowed to come aboard, would rob Uncle Sam to a limp finish and finally scuttle his ship of state—that no matter how much money you gave them they would want more—the Canadian will shrug his shoulders, and in that shrug say,—“That does not justify Uncle Sam.”

Of course all of this might have been different if our statesmen, a quarter of a century ago, had shown a little more political sagacity, not to say tolerance and decent consideration of the claims of Canada.

“We’ll starve them into the Union,” bawled a blatant statesman in Detroit some years ago, and that speech will echo down the years, and whenever it is heard it will stiffen the spine of the Canadians. He tells it to his children, and his children’s children will hear it and hand it down.

That one declaration, almost brutal in its bluntness, did more for Canada as a “Nation” and more to smother and discourage the then growing sentiment in favor of annexation, than anything ever uttered.

No man reared in the shelter of the British flag likes to be threatened with starvation.

Now Canada is indifferent. Even the growing desire for better trade relations, the revival of the reciprocity idea, below the line, fails to create any very great amount of enthusiasm in Canada.

The truth of the matter is the people have been prospecting and have found Pay Dirt. They have sown twenty crops and have had nineteen harvests that were worth reaping, and many times the average yield has been double the average yield in the great American wheat belt. Also they have been breeding and bringing up statesmen and think they have a few now who are able to go over the jumps.

Another nightmare, common in England, is “the Americanization of the Northwest.” Utterly absurd.

The American settlers will help to Canadianize the Northwest.

For the past six years I have watched my countrymen who have come over here to find homes, and I find that almost to a man they fall in with the ways and workings of things, and are almost immediately “assimilated.” They speak the language

of this new land, the laws are good laws and they are enforced. They get protection. Also they get justice. Mark the renegade who went into the Northwest recently and murdered a man for his money. For months he covered his tracks until the Watch Dogs of the Desert, the Northwest Mounted Police, were put upon his trail. He is in jail in Regina now, and he'll hang in Regina one of these crisp mornings.

The sturdy farmers from the Middle West who are going into the Northern fields by the thousands will like that, as all honest Anglo-Saxons like to see the innocent protected and the guilty punished.

These things help to Canadianize the newcomer, and that's what Canada needs—Canadians.

Across the river from where I write to-day I see a lumber town holding one of the biggest lumber manufacturing industries in the Dominion. This business was begun by a Yankee. His sons are in charge to-day, and they are intensely Canadian.

I know of a large leather industry and two other manufacturing concerns in Ontario that were founded by men from the United States. The present head of one of these concerns is a member of Parliament. Nobody doubts his Canadianism. The wife of the founder of the McClary Manufacturing Company, according to her tombstone, was an Adams, first cousin to John Q. Adams. These facts show that the United States have helped to people and develop the Northern Dominion and that there is nothing to fear from the rush of Yankees to the Northwest.

And so far as the matter of political independence is concerned, I am convinced that the newcomers, especially the Americans, will be the last to agitate the subject. The Yankee will be disposed to echo the cry of the mighty Mark, of Cleveland, "Let well enough alone."

He is apt to say: "Why, Jack, what the dickens are you kicking about? You have the protection of the British army and navy and nothing to pay. It's a snap."

The German settler will smile and say: "Dot ish veer goot." Men from Russia and other military countries will simply be too full for utterance.

We hear some grumbling over sea because Canada contributes nothing, or nearly nothing, to imperial defense.

My observations lead me to believe that Canada will contribute to imperial defense as soon as she is allowed to share in the imperial councils. She showed her patriotism and loyalty to the Empire when she sent her sons to South Africa to be stood up and shot down according to the English army code. The Canadians complain—not the live soldiers, but the friends

of the dead ones—complain bitterly because the Colonials were not allowed to skirt the hills, follow the ravines, dodge from rock to rock, until they could come within reach of the enemy, instead of being marched broad-breasted up to a river bank bristled with Boer guns.

And yet, if there should come a call for troops to-morrow, and the cause were a just one, Canada would do her part cheerfully. This being so, one is surprised to find so many men of intelligence in favor of breaking away from the protecting arms of Great Britain. "But she is powerless—absolutely, utterly powerless to protect us at the only point where we are at all likely to need protection," said a prominent K. C. to me the other day. "Give every Canadian a cayuse and a rifle, let him take to the woods, Boer fashion, and woe be unto the enemy that goes in after him. No," he went on with growing enthusiasm, "there is no room on this continent for a monarchical form of government, and, sooner or later, it will pass."

"What would you?" I asked.

"I'd make it, to-morrow, a republic, like Switzerland, with no army but the Mounted Police, and no navy but the fishing fleet, having the applause and eternal friendship of eight-tenths of the people of the United States and the good will of the world. I'd cut loose, and then when Britain had a fight to make she'd have to fight instead of breaking off a piece of the empire and pitching it to the dogs of war, as a man in Siberia heaves a hound from his sleigh to stay the wolves until he can get under cover."

That last shot, as you will have guessed, had reference to the late Alaskan unpleasantness, which, I am pleased to note, is slowly but surely fading from the minds of men, so busy are they and so boundless and almost limitless is this New Empire of the North.

I am inclined to believe that as the white man becomes civilized and arbitration takes the place of manslaughter—when the possibility of war, on the continent at least, has disappeared—the sentiment for political independence will grow, and that some day, quite peaceably and pleasantly, Canada may pull out, as a boy grown to manhood leaves home, taking a parent's good wishes and good will.

The relations between the people of the United States and of Canada will grow more friendly and pleasant as the years go by, because of the wholesale swapping of citizens now going on. Millions of Canadians have gone to the States, and in the next decade millions of Americans will have crossed into Canada. We shall like each other more, for we North Americans are the People—all of us.

I HAD very little money with me when I landed at Montreal; in fact, I may as well be honest, I had exactly twenty-five dollars (five pounds) when I started on my wanderings, and it only goes to show how a young man, possessed of a fairly good physique and a rather limited amount of brains, can push along in the Colonies when I say that with five pounds, and steadfastly refusing all monetary help from home, I travelled the greater part of the country from Montreal to the other side of the Rockies and back, landing in England with a good deal more than I started with, both of money and experience, after a thoroughly enjoyable, though rough, journey.

The end of October found me in a small mining and saw-mill town of three years' growth situated in the Rocky mountains, working in the "bush" at forty dollars a month and board—of a sort. The work was hard and rough, but sleep had far more unpleasantness for me than work, perhaps owing to the fact that during the three weeks I stayed there I slept, or, rather, tried to, between a burly negro and a greasy Italian of the barrel-organ type of London.

But lumber-camp life is not to be lingered over in writing; it is quite sufficient to have lived it. Suffice it to say that by this time I was beginning to wonder if life was really worth living—a sure sign of home-sickness. Add to this a somewhat severe attack of illness caused by sleeping in wet clothes, and an overpowering desire to live once more like a civilized human being, and you have my reason for throwing up the whole thing and coming home for a holiday.

It was the manner of my home-coming that more particularly affects this narrative. I had saved a little money, but what was the use of spending my entire savings on getting home, and perhaps being stranded half-way with insufficient

means to proceed? I was pondering the situation as I strolled into town the next night with my worldly belongings in a grain-sack slung on my back when, on crossing the railway track at the station to get a boarding-house on the opposite side, I passed what at home is called a truck, belonging to a freight train awaiting an engine to carry it eastward.

Lying the entire length, and resting on the edge at one end of this truck, were three long iron pipes about two feet in diameter. There was nothing very extraordinary in this, but, as I was about to move on, a head appeared out of the end of one of these pipes, and a voice with an unmistakable Western accent inquired genially, "Got a chew, governor?"

Trying not to look surprised (it never does to show surprise at anything in the West), I remarked that I could oblige him, whereupon six feet of ragged "hobo"—i. e., a tramp—squeezed itself out of the opening, jumped down on to the track beside me, and relieved me of half a good plug of "Bobs" chewing tobacco. My curiosity was aroused.

"What on earth are you doing in there?" I asked.

"Goin' way down to Winnipeg," he answered, in a tone that seemed to express surprise at the question.

"But why in a pipe?" I asked, innocently.

"Have you never beat your way anywheres?" he replied, looking at me in evident contempt, an attitude all Westerners assume when they see they have a "greeny" to deal with. "By the looks of you I should a-thought you'd done plenty of it yerself."

At first I felt inclined to take this as an insult, but I remembered in time what my outer man consisted of—a leather jacket and ragged blue linen trousers.

"You see, there's no use in payin' four cents a mile in a passenger when you can travel just as comfortable for nothin'," he continued, more amiably. "Look at this now," pointing with pride to the three pipes; "I'm in the first pipe, my clothes in the second, and my food in the third. I've never paid a train fare yet."

An idea struck me. "You say this car is going to Winnipeg?" I asked.

"Look at the label for yourself."

I examined the little green card. Sure enough, it was labelled Winnipeg. Here was a chance.

"Do you think there's room for me on this outfit?" I inquired, intending the question as a gentle hint for my new acquaintance to let me occupy one of his pipes. But the Western mind is evidently dense (when necessary). "Waal, I'll tell you," he said, leaning towards me and whispering confidentially in my ear. "This train's 'bout the best I ever struck for 'beatin'," and it's fair full of men, though, of course, you can't see 'em. See that box-car full of coal? Well, it isn't full. Just up at the top there's a hole that's been made by throwin' some o' the coal out on the line, and there's a man up there; saw him get in myself. See that car of lumber? There's a man in the middle of that, cos he came over and asked me for a chew. An' there's one goin' to work his way down helpin' the stoker, but I pity him; I've had some. But to my mind the best place in the whole outfit has been left out, and I had a mind to give up my present quarters for it, and that's the refrigerator."

It sounded chilly, I thought.

"It's empty, you know," he added, seeming to read my thoughts. "I'll take you down and show you."

He led the way along the track as uncon-

cernedly as though he were strolling down Regent Street. "It doesn't do to hurry, or they see you're trying to hide yourself," he explained.

"There you are," he said at last, pointing to the huge box-car, which had apparently no opening save the big door in the centre, always kept locked. "You climb in through a 'heap' in the top."

"Have you got any money?" he asked, suddenly.

I wondered what was coming next, and unconsciously put my hand on my breast-pocket.

"Don't put it there," he said, noticing the action; "put it in your sock. There's not much chance of you bein' caught; but if you are it's chances they'll sneak every cent on you. You'd better go and get some grub and then come right along here, and I'll help you in."

I thanked him and retired to the boarding-house that had been my original goal. There I had a parcel of bread and meat made up sufficient to last three days, and wended my way back to the freight train with as nonchalant a manner as I could assume.

My adviser was waiting for me, and after a hasty glance round, climbed up the little iron ladder that is to be found at the back of every car for the convenience of the brakeman. I soon joined him on the roof, and with our united strength the little padlock of the trap—which was, of course, locked—gave way, and it came up easily enough. Now, however, came another task, rather more difficult. Underneath this outer trap of boards was a heavy zinc-covered lid about four inches thick, fitting closely into the opening, which was also lined with zinc. This, of course, was intended to keep the cold air in when the chamber was full of ice and the van below filled with meat. However, after a good

pull this also gave way with a rushing sound not unlike the drawing of a cork.

"Now, then, in you get," commanded my companion; "the engine may come along any time now." There was no use in hesitating, so I let myself boldly down into the hole, which proved to be two feet deep.

"Are you set?" came the voice from above.

"Yes," I answered, and the zinc lid shot down into its place with a dull "sog" that sent a shiver through me.

It was quite dark, and I was crawling slowly along the side of the car when I stumbled into something soft and alive. For a moment it gave me quite a turn, but I was soon reassured.

"Who you pushin,' stranger?" came a voice out of the darkness. It was a fellow-passenger, and I heaved a sigh of relief.

"What you doin' in here, anyway?" he inquired, after an embarrassing pause.

"Much the same sort of thing as yourself," I replied.

"Got a chew?" The inevitable query.

I handed my last plug into the darkness, and it disappeared with alacrity, to return in a moment minus a fair-sized corner. My companion was evidently not a conversationalist, for we sat in silence for quite half an hour, and I began to wonder if the engine was ever coming, when suddenly a terrific jolt shook the car and landed me nearly into the lap of my fellow-passenger. The engine had arrived. I heard a whistle, unusually muffled, and a faint puffing that seemed to be very far off, and the next moment, with many jolts and jars, we had started on our strange journey.

"They'll be at Mitchell in a few hours," volunteered my companion, after another lengthy pause.

"How long will they stay there?" I asked.

"Long enough to shunt off the cars they don't want and for us to get a breath of fresh air, anyway."

"Do you mean to say you're going to get out there?" I asked, in surprise.

"Why not? It'll be dark, and I've only got two sausages and a bit of bread to last me down to Winnipeg. Besides we must get some fresh air."

"Do you mean this hole is air tight?" I demanded, a creepy sensation stealing over me at the very thought.

"How do you suppose they keep the cold air in when it's full of ice?" was the abrupt reply.

A sudden purely imaginary sensation of stuffiness came upon me, for, considering that we had not been in the box two hours, it could be nothing more.

"Let's have a breather now," I suggested.

"Can't; the brakesman might see us. He's got a window in the van that looks all along the top of the cars."

"What's the fine if we're caught?" I inquired, thirsting for information as well as fresh air.

"Six months, unless you can get the brakesman to accept to accept a dollar or two. You can't expect to travel a thousand odd miles for nothing without some sort of risk."

Visions of a luxurious Pullman or even a more humble colonist car came before me, but I felt the lump of paper in my sock and my heart was refreshed. My reflections were cut short by another jolt that again precipitated me against my companion.

"Mitchell, I guess," he exclaimed, and crawled past me. I heard hard breathing and the sound as of someone straining against a heavy weight.

(CONCLUDED IN APRIL NUMBER.)

THE joys of gold mining have been sung in all times, and "Better than a gold mine" has come to be an accepted phrase for describing the superlative in money-making. But for dazzling results gold mining is not in the same class with this other mining in the printer's ink-pot.

The gold production of the entire world for 1901 was \$252,095,600. To produce this sum about \$200,000,000 was paid out for labor, supplies, transportation, reduction, etc. This left a net profit of \$50,000,000 in round numbers on the year's gold mining. In the United States alone \$250,000,000 was spent last year for advertising. On this there was an estimated profit of \$75,000,000, or \$25,000,000 more than was cleared by gold mining throughout the whole world. A considerable sum of money was lost in advertising because of inexpert work, but these losses do not compare with the enormous sums lost by unfortunate prospectors and operators in gold mining. It has been said with some authority that more money in the shape of labor and supplies is put into the ground each year by miners than is taken out. The comparatively small number of men who have grown rich out of mining would seem to give this saying force. Of men who have grown rich through advertising there are scores to be found in every city, almost in every town. With few exceptions, almost every industry in the land is dependent on proper advertising for success. And this is getting to be the case to a greater extent every year. Even the Standard Oil Company, notorious for its antiquated methods, is going into the field. Not long ago the company spent over \$200,000 advertising the virtues of oil stoves for cooking and heating, to stimulate the demand for kerosene.

The coal strike last year taxed the petroleum supply to such an extent that the Standard did not repeat the experiment, which, it is said, was found very satisfactory. Some of its by-products, like paraffine wax and candles, axle grease, lubricating oil, and so forth, are advertised regularly, but in a small way compared to the advertising of some of the other big trusts. It is confidently prophesied, however, that the time is in sight when the Standard Oil will spend a million dollars a year to push its products, as some of the other great combinations are doing.

The United States Steel Company since its organization has spent probably three times as much for advertising as was spent before consolidation by its constituent companies. One of its branches, the American Steel and Wire Company, has gone into practically every agricultural paper in the country advertising its wire fencing. The National Biscuit Company last year spent in the neighborhood of a million and a quarter

The Gold Mine in the Printer's Ink Pot.

By Paul Latake.

dollars, and the American Tobacco Company about as much. Railroad advertising has grown by successive stages until to-day it ranks among the most important in the land. The fifteen leading railroads of the country spent in 1901 over \$2,000,000, and it is expected that the annual reports for 1902 will show a very large increase over this. A comparatively few years ago there was little or no railroad advertising in the ordinary sense. The New York Central led the way when George H. Daniels became its general passenger agent, and the other great roads were not slow to follow suit.

The entire industrial system of the country is being modified by the power of advertising. The middle man, the jobber, is being more and more eliminated, and the producer is going direct to the consumer. This would have been practically impossible without the modern use of printer's ink. The story of P. D. Armour's first venture in advertising illustrates this fact very aptly. In the days before food staples were advertised in the public prints, and that was only about twenty years ago, Lord & Thomas, the Chicago advertising agents, began a campaign against Mr. Armour. They kept at it for years without success, putting up in the meantime with some very pretty brushes of temper, for Mr. Armour was not soft spoken when he wished to be rid of any one. But one day Mr. Lord found his opportunity and made the most of it. Mr. Armour was in his private office when Mr. Lord was shown in. His reception was not particularly warm, but an advertising agent is used to perseverance in the face of discouragement, buoyed up by the knowledge that he is the advance agent of prosperity for all who will listen to his counsel and follow his instructions. There was the usual argument between Mr. Armour and Mr. Lord which was about to end in the usual way, when the packer incautiously went beyond his depth by saying:

"Armour & Co. don't have to advertise. Our goods are known and appreciated by every man in the trade."

"So they are, Mr. Armour. But they are not known by the consumers."

"What difference does that make as long as the jobber and retailer know and sell them?"

"It makes this difference: A woman comes into a grocery store to buy beef extract. You make good beef extract, but she never heard of it because you've not advertised it. She has heard of some other extract which has been advertised, and she naturally asks for it. The grocer at first may try to push your product, but he'll soon grow tired of that, for the woman doesn't know it and doesn't want it. Do you think that grocer is going to wear out his gray matter for you? Not much. He's going to give that woman and all his other customers what they want.

Your extract is going to lie on his shelf until the wrappers are soiled and the stuff is unsalable. Then you have to replace it. What you want to do is to educate the women into asking for Armour's extract. That you can only do by advertising."

Mr. Armour, whose figure was large and rotund, had a peculiar way of sticking out his stomach and putting his thumbs in his trousers pocket when he became interested. He struck this attitude soon after Mr. Lord got his new lead, and remained perfectly quiet until the advertising agent had finished. Then he said: "Young man, I believe you're right. It's never been put to me in that light before."

Mr. Lord walked out of the office with a contract for \$10,000, the first money ever spent by Armour & Co. for printer's ink. Last year the firm spent in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

This is often the course of advertising—it has fairly to be forced down the throat of the man who afterward makes millions out of it and who comes in the end to count it as the greatest money-making machine under his control. At times, however, it is the other way about, the new advertiser having hard work to get into print, because the experts consider him reckless. The best story in illustration of this is told of a man who, starting without a penny, died a millionaire.

In 1870 the firm of George P. Rowell & Co., New York advertising agents, received an inquiry from Augusta, Maine, that, Mr. Rowell remarked to his partner, must have come "from either a fool or a knave." The preposterous thing this man wanted was to place an inch advertisement in all the principal publications throughout the country. To-day such a proposition would not cause even a ripple in the least important advertising concern. But in 1870 such a thing had never been heard of. There were then no general lists of publications in existence. The few advertising agencies that were in business knew all about the papers in their immediate vicinities, but beyond that their knowledge was limited, both as to the class of publications and the rates charged for advertising. Nothing better illustrates the enormous strides that have been made in advertising within the last twenty-five years than this fact. The Augusta man was put off with an evasive answer. But he came back again as soon as the mail would carry, reiterating his demand. After several exchanges, Mr. Rowell finally wrote his correspondent that he evidently didn't know what he was asking; that the lists and estimates he required involved the expenditure of considerable time and money, and that the outlay required for such an undertaking was beyond the means of any man who did not have command of a very large fortune.

In response to this information there came a letter from Augusta couched in very clean-cut terms. Whatever might be the state of mind in New York, the writer said, up in Augusta people always knew what they wanted before they asked for it, and he was no exception to this rule. In desperation, Mr. Rowell made up a partial list of papers whose rates he knew. Then he sent his Augusta friend a note that he felt would end the business. He told him that if he intended carrying out the "huge" project he had written about, the list submitted would of necessity have to be included. To cover this list would involve the expenditure of \$1,800. If the Maine man was in earnest he could show his good faith in the matter by sending check by return mail for this sum.

Upon receipt of such a check, Mr. Rowell said, he should feel justified in going further, though that would require a personal interview. The writer said he was too busy to come to New York, but having shown his good faith it was now up to Mr. Rowell to come to Augusta.

It was February, and particularly nasty weather. But under the circumstances there was nothing for the advertising agent to do but journey to Maine, where the thermometer ranged in the neighborhood of zero. Arriving in Augusta he put up his grip-sack at a hotel and then hunted up the address of the ambitious advertiser. He found a great barren room in which were seated a beardless boy of eighteen and three young women. There was no furniture in the room except an old desk, a couple of tables and some weather-beaten chairs. In one corner of the room was an alcove which had been transformed into a bin by means of some rough boards that ran half-way to the ceiling. Overflowing this bin were thousands of letters that had been opened. The young man and the girls were at work opening more letters. Mr. Rowell asked for his correspondent, and almost fainted when the boy said:

"That's my name."

When he had recovered his breath the advertising agent introduced himself, adding:

"I don't think that you're quite aware of the size of the contract you expect to undertake."

"Maybe not," snapped the youth. "But if there is anything in plain-spoken English I've tried to make myself reasonably clear. I've told you just what I want, and all I've had up to date in reply has been evasion."

That settled the argument. Mr. Rowell said he would return to his hotel and make out the list and estimate. He worked all that night and early next morning returned with his documents.

"What you want," he told his customer, "will cost \$11,000.

If you conclude to carry out the contract you will have to pay me \$3,200 cash in addition to the \$1800 already sent, and undertake to send me \$500 a week regularly until the contract is completed."

"All right. Just sit down. I'll be back in a few minutes."

In less than five minutes the youth was back and presented the astonished New Yorker with a certified check for \$3,200. "Now," said he, "go ahead for goodness' sake."

Great as had been Mr. Rowell's surprise up to this time, what followed was still more remarkable. The advertisement the young man desired him to place called for agents to sell a washing-compound recipe. This recipe, in the shape of a printed slip, was sent to those who responded for one dollar. There was nothing to prevent the agent to whom the recipe was sent from having any number of copies printed, except an implied contract which the advertiser sent when he accepted the agent's services. Under the terms of this contract the agent was told that he bound himself not to use this recipe on his own account, but to buy such copies of it as he could sell from the Augusta man, who on his part agreed to furnish the slips in lots of one hundred at twenty-five cents apiece. Apparently a more reckless and absurd proposition was never launched. Yet that it paid was made evident when the young man walked into Mr. Rowell's office the following summer and executed another contract, this time for \$30,000, on which he paid \$10,000 in cash on the spot.

Afterward this man and his washing-compound recipe became known in every publication office in the country. He was the pioneer in the enormous publication business that has for many years flourished in Augusta. The business which he founded has come to be one of the main industries of the place, and out of the rank of the men whom he trained and who followed in his footsteps have come Governors, Senators and Representatives. He went from washing recipes to pictures, and from pictures to almost everything else, extending the scope of his advertising every year. He died while still a very young man, at the Parker House, in Boston, leaving an estate valued at more than a million dollars.

He also left as a legacy an endless series of troubles for the post-office authorities. The papers that he founded and those founded by his imitators, had for their main object the sale of the goods handled by the publishers. They were circulated by the million, but as their paid subscriptions were less than half the number sent out, the post-office authorities were kept constantly on the jump to see that the regulations governing this class of matter were enforced.

THE Prospector, Lillooet, B. C., evidently did not strike pay dirt in large quantities, and in its issue of Feb. 13 makes the following statement:

"The Prospector, as many of our readers know, will be issued only a few weeks longer, and we wish in this issue to thank those who have assisted us in making their local sheet a financial success. Since we took charge no month has passed without giving us a surplus. True it is that the balance in our favor has been small sometimes, yet our needs have been fully met. It is true, too, that by a little extra expense for labor and material the paper would have been improved, but, to our mind, local trade conditions did not warrant this extra expenditure.

"Our decision, three years ago, to insert no liquor advertisement in our paper may have militated somewhat against our greater commercial prosperity, but not against our peace of mind, and our present contention is that while places for rest, refreshment and business are needed the selling of liquor is not necessary or conducive for those purposes, and if the bar were abolished, all parties would be benefited. We believe that the time has come for even the moderate drinker to abstain from liquor drinking for the sake of others less fortunate than himself.

"We have very few outstanding accounts. To those from whom we do not expect a settlement we have sent an account receipted in full, thus releasing them from all obligations. All others are respectfully reminded of the brevity of time. All parties having claims against us must send in the same to us within 30 days."

The Publishers.

Besides the above article the paper contained twenty-five lines of local matter, eighteen of which were church notices, three referred to whooping cough and four to personal mention; a fifty-four line editorial dealing with religious questions, twenty-one lines of provincial and foreign news and six columns of badly printed boiler plate. Just why people should buy the paper is not apparent. It certainly did not deal out any great quantity of information and must have been a trial to those who advocate prohibition in the mountain province.

Bobby's Fight

By Jean Blewett

I was mad as I could be—
Tommy Tucker was to blame,
Came behind me on the ice,
Tripped me up, an' made me lame.

I forgot my ma had said
Fightin' was a wicked act,
An' I up and punched his head,
Hurt him awful, that's a fact.

Meant to hurt him. "You take that,
Darn you anyway!" says I;
All the girls was gaspin' out:
"Bobby Bennett swore—O, my!"

I like showin' off 'fore girls,
So I hit him on the nose,
An' the blood came flyin' out
Till it spotted all his clothes.

When he cried I made a face
Like he made, and said to him:
"Cry baby, you'll melt the ice
With your tears, an' have to swim."

Big boys clapped an' yelled "first rate!"
Girls they giggled, all but one,
Marthy Winter told me, straight,
She was 'shamed of what I done.

"Don't like boys that quarrel an' fight,
Boys that think it nice to swear,"
An' I laughed, an' said, "All right,
Like or lump me, I don't care."

An' she hunted Tommy's cap,
Brushed an' put it on his curls,
Helped him fasten up a strap—
Say, sometimes I just hate girls.

I went home. When my ma puts
Her soft fingers on my chin,
An' says: "Something's wrong, my boy!"
Why, I might as well begin.

For she makes my eyes look up
An' her own are lookin' down
Readin' every single thing—
Well, a little puckery frown

Showed up just above her nose,
When I told her how things stood,

But she didn't preach at me,
Try to scare me to be good.

"Tommy played a joke," said she,
"An' you struck him; well, my son,
Gentlemen don't fight or quarrel
Over what is meant for fun."

"There's another thing," said she,
"Tommy's such a little chap!"
Ain't it queer how mas can take
Wind out of your sails kerslap?

I felt mean as all out doors,
But I didn't say so then,
Bounced off to my room, an' played
I was Bruin in his den.

Next night was the Chris'mas tree,
Just afore 'twas time to start,
Tommy's ma came in an' told
Somethin' that most broke my heart.

"Tommy is a sight—too bad,
For he'll have to miss the tree—
Nose swelled up to twice its size,
Eyes all battered up," said she.

"Took a tumble on the ice—
Accidents are bound to come—
But I'm sorry as can be
That he has to stay at home."

I just blubbered, yes I did;
Poor old Tommy—I must stay
Home with him, and let him know
I was shamed 'bout yesterday.

Ma agreed, an' off I went,
Fast as ever I could go;
When I yelled "Hullo!" at him,
My, but he was tickled though!

An' we made it up for good,
An' we played, an' played, an' played,
An' I made him take my knife,
An' a music-box I made.

Bet you Tommy Tucker said
Half a dozen times to me:
"Sho! we're having twice the time
We'd have had at that old tree."